

TUCO TUCO

not a mole but
a kind of mouse

it drinks the roots
of desert grasses

6 inches long
scratching hurrying

it gets its name
from the tucó tucó

noise it makes
under the desert

MONDAY

white berries on
the pachysandra
for the first time

sun thru yellow
willows the
trees I planted

in May lugged
in heavy plastic
imagining plums

and peaches
cherries out
into the sun

in a daze
from what I'd
burned and dug

huge holes for,
much taller
than I am now

PICKING BLACKCAPS

1

buckets clanging on
suede around your
waist like the quiet
when people make up
their minds not to
fight but really want
to the walk up the
gravel road in baggy
pants nothing seems
possible the bags
are so big and the
thorns the poison
ivy we get stoned
on the berries tho
kneeling in the sun
then in the shade
reaching over barb
wire as if that
purple was some
thing good inside us

2

dragon flies in the
sun deer flies
mosquito bites

the blackcaps
buried in thorns
in rose vines

in poison ivy you
can't tell the
blood from the

juice you have
to dream of
the berries in

a dish by some
november fire
as you lean deeper

into the branches
as if all things
that were hard

to get to
mattered more

POEM FOUND THOSE TUESDAYS

be careful theres
a kitten in the
house who must not
go out or be stepped
on please bring yr
coats downstairs and
keep the toilet
seat down

ROOM

huge desk six
cats could sun on
and never catch
each other's fleas

clay bowl with
pale apples on it
huge brass bed

half the room's
way out of reach
bust of shakes
peare one of a
sort of david

a mermaid lady
on a jug with
bird breasts

there's 12 lamps in
the room and still
everything's in
shadow it's so

big many people
could fart in here
and who'd know

WRITING MADONNA

ink on her fingers
a mixed up pair (one
brown one black) of
shoes on her toes

MAGNETIC MADONNA

rubs you the
wrong way
strong its the
danger you smell
when she puts her
hand down there
you thought you
came to write a
piece but you
know she plays
the field you
can't resist
she holds you
like those
12 magnets on
her old amana

SHRINKING MADONNA

her skin is so
delicate you can
almost see the
nerve endings
capillaries
break down dont
dream its just
no vitamin c or
that she's pull
ing into her
self like some
leaf growing